CHARLTON COMICS
Fightin' ARMY
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featuring THE LONELY WAR OF CAPT. WILLY SCHULTZ

the LONELY WAR of Capt. Willy Schultz

"MAKE ALL OUR TRUMPETS SPEAK, GIVE THEM ALL BREATH, THOSE CLAMOROUS HARBINGERS OF BLOOD AND DEATH."
MACBETH- BY SHAKESPEARE

THE DEAFENING ROAR OF AIRPLANE ENGINES OVERHEAD, THE SHRILL WHINE OF DESCENDING FRAGMENTATION BOMBS, THE UNHOLY SHRIEKING OF DISCHARGING ROCKETS, THE SHARP STUTTERING OF WING MACHINE GUNS, THE RHYTHMIC HAMMERING OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT CANNON...THEIR ANGRY FINGERS SEARCHING RELENTLESSLY THROUGH THE DARKNESS WITH BRILLIANT MULTI-COLORED TRACERS...MEN AND MACHINES ARE HIT, CRUMBLE AND DISINTEGRATE AND ARE CONSUMED IN A FIERY HOLOCAUST...EXPLOSIONS...! TORN HUMAN LIMBS AND DISMEMBERED CORPSES SCATTERED OVER THE TREMBLING EARTH...VIOLENT TREMORS AND QUAKES... BURSTING SHELLS...PANIC AND CONFUSION...MORE EXPLOSIONS...! FIRE AND DEATH...SHOUTS AND CRIES...CURSES AND PRAYERS... DIVINE MERCY AND COMPASSION...SATANIC CRUELTY AND CONTEMPT...SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH AND COURAGE...WRETCHED FEAR AND WEAKNESS...THE ULTIMATE IN TERROR!...AGONY, FRUSTRATION, DESPAIR, AND ABANDONMENT...THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!...OF LIFE... AND DEATH...OF GOD...AND THE DEVIL...OF EVERLASTING SALVATION, OR ETERNAL DAMNATION...!

STORY- WILLI FRANZ ART- SAM GLANZMAN

C-321

FIGHTIN' ARMY

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MORNING CAME, AND THE FIRST LIFE-GIVING RAYS OF THE SUN CAST AN EERIE GLOW OVER THE SMOKING RUINS OF THE SHATTERED RAILROAD YARD. IT WASN'T UNTIL AFTER THEY HAD RETURNED TO THEIR BASE DID THE JUBILANT BRITISH PILOTS LEARN, TO THEIR HORROR, THAT THEY HAD BOMBED A GERMAN PRISON TRAIN BY MISTAKE...!

A SOUTH-BOUND GERMAN ARMORED TRAIN CARRYING TROOPS, SUPPLIES AND AMMUNITION CHUGGED CONFIDENTLY OVER THE NEWLY LAID TRACKS PAST THE SMOULDERING WRECKAGE AND DEBRIS...AND THE BODIES OF THE DEAD... THAT LITTERED THE SPOT WHERE THE POW TRANSPORT HAD ONCE BEEN STANDING... "...A TRAGIC MISCALCULATION AND ERROR..."

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU WERE DELAYED BY THOSE PARTISANS...OTHERWISE, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN CAUGHT HERE LIKE THAT PRISON TRAIN WAS WHEN THE BOMBS FELL...

CAPTAIN WILLIAM SCHULTZ...UNITED STATES ARMY... FALSELY ACCUSED OF A BATTLEFIELD MURDER... TRIED...CONVICTED...ESCAPED...!

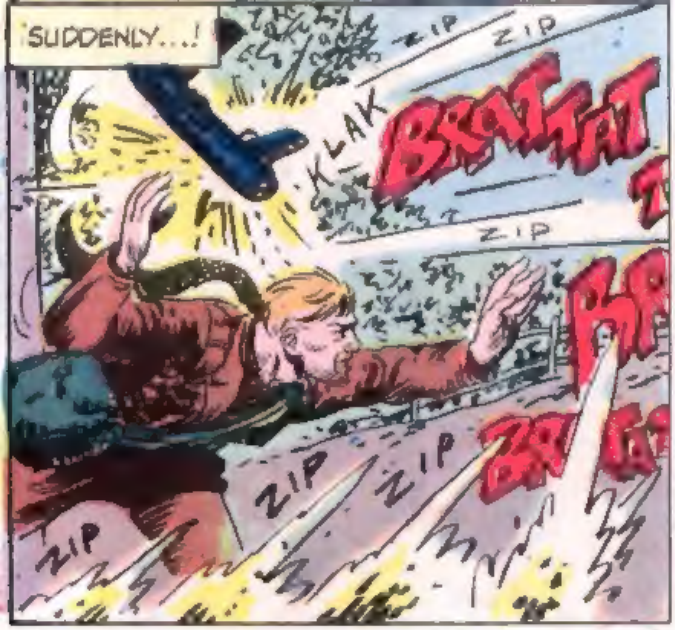
I HAVE TO STOP AND REST FOR A WHILE...GOT TO FIND SOME FOOD AND WATER...I'LL TRY THIS HOUSE...

I'M IN LUCK...BUT JUST IN CASE...

YOU WERE ABOUT TO ENTER THE ROOM WHEN...!
I'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM IF I WANT TO EAT...
YOU CREPT SLOWLY FORWARD... IT WOULD ALL BE OVER IN A SECOND...
BE QUICK AND...
WAS...!?
...IN A SECOND...
HANDE HOCH...!
NEIN!!
ARGGH!!!
3

YOU RIGHTED THE TABLE, GATHERING UP WHAT WAS LEFT TO EAT, AND THEN LOOKED TO THE MAN YOU HAD JUST KILLED...

YOU PLACED WHAT FOOD REMAINED IN A SOILED HAVERSACK AND THEN TURNED TO LEAVE...


SUDDENLY...!
ZIP
ZIP
KLAK
BRATTAT
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP

I CAN'T EVEN RETURN FIRE...AND HE WON'T LET UP! I'M FINISHED, UNLESS...
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
BRATTATTATTA

THEN, THE FIRING STOPPED AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED.
SOUNDS LIKE A STRUGGLE. SOMEONE MUST'VE JUMPED HIM...

YOU RECOVERED YOUR SCHMEISSER AND HURRIED UP THE SLOPE...

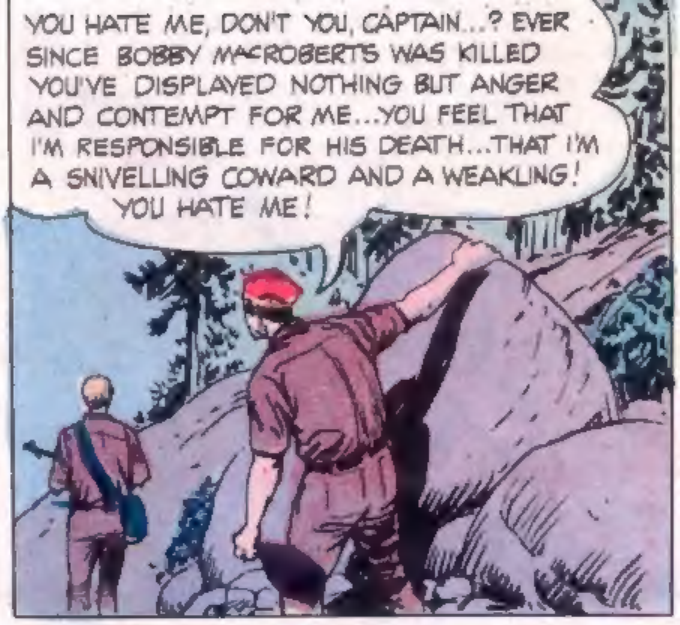
NEWBERRY...!!

MARK NEWBERRY SNATCHED THE FOOD FROM YOUR GRIMY HANDS. HIS TEETH TORE SAVAGELY INTO THE BREAD. HE RAISED THE BOTTLE TO HIS PARCHED LIPS AND GULPED AND SWALLOWED GREEDILY. HE LOOKED LIKE A STARVED AND DEPRAVED LITTLE ANIMAL!

YOU LOOKED AT THE GERMAN THAT NEWBERRY HAD JUST KILLED WITH THE ROCK. IT WAS AN UGLY SIGHT...AND IT SICKENED YOU...

I SAID, LET'S GO! I DON'T WANT TO HANG AROUND HERE!
WHAT'S CRAWLIN' ON YOU!? YOU RELATED TO THIS JERRIE OR SOMETHIN'...!? HE WAS TRYIN' TA KILL YOU, REMEMBER...!? I SAVED YOUR LIFE!

AND I'M GRATEFUL! BUT THAT'S MY BREAD YOU'VE STUFFED DOWN YOUR THROAT...MY WINE...AND I FOUGHT AND KILLED FOR IT, SO I THINK WE'RE EVEN...!!


YOU HATE ME, DON'T YOU, CAPTAIN...? EVER SINCE BOBBY MACROBERTS WAS KILLED YOU'VE DISPLAYED NOTHING BUT ANGER AND CONTEMPT FOR ME...YOU FEEL THAT I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH...THAT I'M A SNIVELLING COWARD AND A WEAKLING! YOU HATE ME!

I DON'T HATE YOU, MARK...I PITY YOU... I GUESS I FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF, TOO... I'M SICK AT HEART AND DISGUSTED WITH WHAT THIS MISERABLE WAR HAS DONE TO YOU, TO ME...TO EVERYONE ELSE IT TOUCHES... HOW IT CHANGES PEOPLE SO COMPLETELY...SO...

...LOOK OUT...!

BLAMM!

THEY SAY THAT JUST BEFORE DEATH COMES, YOUR WHOLE LIFE PASSES BEFORE YOU IN A MATTER OF SECONDS...

CAPTAIN...? YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW, SIR...YOU'RE SAFE IN AN AMERICAN AID STATION...SIR...?

THEY'RE OUTSIDE, LETTIERI...

BUT WHAT HAPPENED!? WHERE'S LT. NEWBERRY...!?

OH, SO THAT WAS HIS NAME...HE STEPPED ON A MINE AND WAS KILLED INSTANTLY...I'M SORRY... WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, SIR...?

THE MEDIC STOOD UP AND LEFT. HE REMINDED YOU SO MUCH OF ERICH...THEN YOU SAW WHAT WAS LEFT OF MARK NEWBERRY...

POOR NEWBERRY...ALL HE WANTED WAS TO GET OUT OF THAT PRISON CAMP AND TO SEE HOME AGAIN. AND NOW...HOW SAD...

A SUDDEN TERROR SEIZED HOLD OF YOU AS YOU LOOKED UP TO SEE!...

M P'S! BUT HOW COULD THEY HAVE KNOWN SO QUICKLY..!? GOD, IS WILKES NEARBY...!?

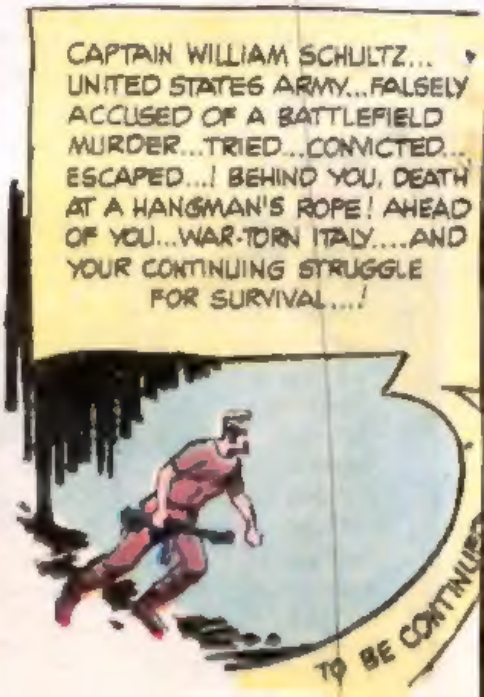
I HAVE TO GET OUT! IF THEY CATCH ME, I'M THROUGH...!

WELL, WHERE IS HE...?
MAYBE HE HAD TO TAKE A WALK WITH HIS SHOVEL, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN...? NATURE CALLS!

WELL, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT AROUND. ONE OF YOUR GUYS CAN TAKE HIM BACK TO THE REAR AREA AFTER HE RETURNS, LETTIERI...
BUT, SARGE...

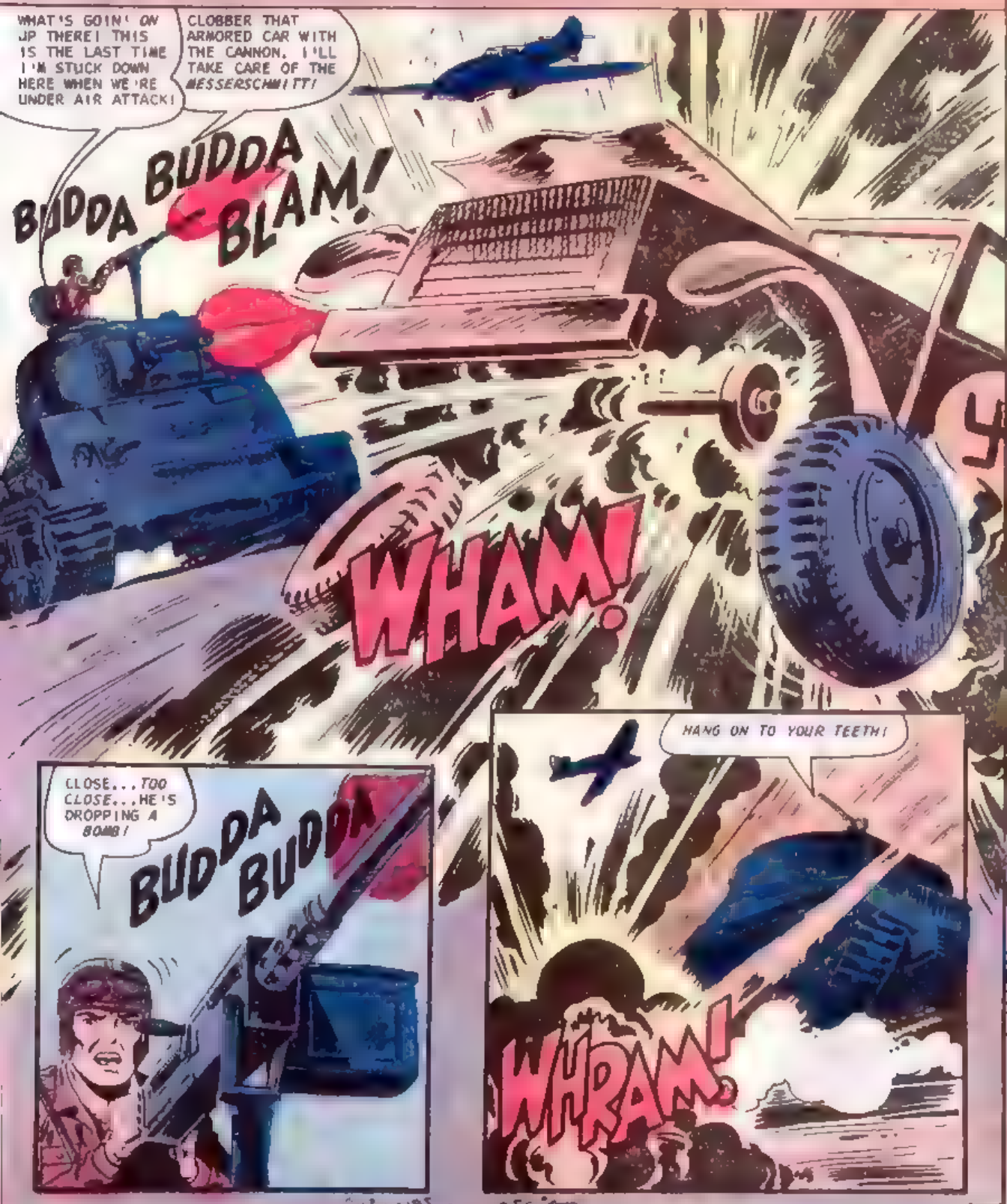
WHAT "BUT SARGE"! HE'S NO CRIMINAL! YOU CAN TAKE HIM BACK TO THE REAR YOURSELF, FER PETE'S SAKE! WHY BOTHER US!? YOU ACT AS THOUGH THE GUY'S AN ESCAPED MURDERER OR SOMETHING...!
BUT YOU GUYS HAVE A JEEP AVAILABLE AND...

..I FIGURE THE SOONER THIS CAPTAIN GETS TO A HOSPITAL AND BACK WITH HIS OWN PEOPLE, THE BETTER IT WOULD BE FOR HIM...
YOU'RE A MEDIC NOT A CHAPLAIN, LETTIERI... JEEZE... LET'S GO, HAL...


CAPTAIN WILLIAM SCHULTZ... UNITED STATES ARMY...FALSELY ACCUSED OF A BATTLEFIELD MURDER...TRIED...CONVICTED... ESCAPED...! BEHIND YOU, DEATH AT A HANGMAN'S ROPE! AHEAD OF YOU...WAR-TORN ITALY....AND YOUR CONTINUING STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL...!
TO BE CONTINUED

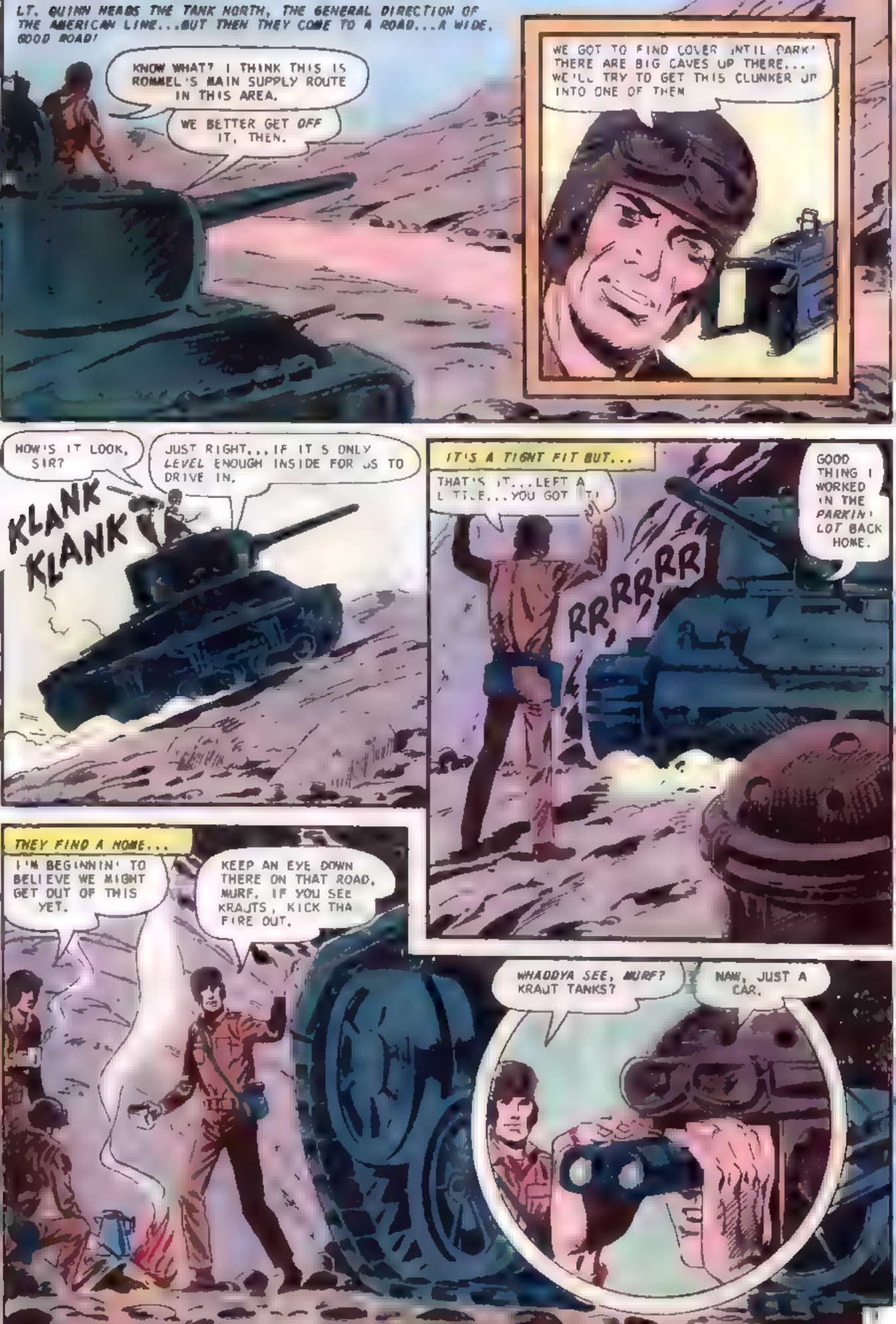
JUST ONE CRUMMY TANK!

IT'S THE FIRST MISSION FOR THE CREW OF THE M4 MEDIUM TANK...THEY STARTED SOUTH FROM WADI ALIKAT WITH TWO OTHER TANKS TO RECONNOITER ROMMEL'S AFRIKA KORPS POSITIONS! LT. KIRBY QUINN IS IN THE SADDLE AND HE GIVES THE ORDER TO TAKE OUT AFTER A NAZI DESERT PATROL. FIRST BLOOD FOR THE AMERICANS...BUT THAT ME109 SCREAMING DOWN OUT OF THE SUN IS CARRYING 250 POUND BOMBS IN THE RACKS...


WHAT'S GOIN' ON UP THERE! THIS IS THE LAST TIME I'M STUCK DOWN HERE WHEN WE'RE UNDER AIR ATTACK!
CLOBBER THAT ARMORED CAR WITH THE CANNON, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MESSERSCHMITT!
BUDDA BUDDA BLAM!
WHAM!
CLOSE...TOO CLOSE...HE'S DROPPING A BOMB!
BUDDA BUDDA
HANG ON TO YOUR TEETH!
WHRAM!

NICHOLAS A. LASCIA

WE GOTTA RUN FOR IT, LIEUTENANT.
RUN WHERE? TURN THE TANK...GET THAT CANNON POINTED UP AT HIM... BE READY WITH EVERY GUN THIS TIME!
KLANK KLANK
VROOM
THE ODDS ARE ALL WITH THE VETERAN NAZI FIGHTER PILOT...BUT A LONG-SHOT WINS ONE OF THESE EVERY NOW AND THEN! LT. QUINN PUTS A LONG BURST FROM THE .50 INTO THE GERMAN PLANE AND...KAPUTT!
I GOT HIM!
BUDDA BUDDA
HEY, LIEUTENANT, I SMELL GASOLINE!
CUT THE IGNITION...QUICK!
A SLUG RIPPED ONE OF THE TANKS! WE ONLY GOT ABOUT 16 GALLONS OF GAS LEFT.
THAT WON'T GET US BACK HOME!
WHAT'LL WE DO?


LT. QUINN HEADS THE TANK NORTH, THE GENERAL DIRECTION OF THE AMERICAN LINE...BUT THEN THEY COME TO A ROAD...A WIDE, GOOD ROAD!
KNOW WHAT? I THINK THIS IS ROMMEL'S MAIN SUPPLY ROUTE IN THIS AREA.
WE BETTER GET OFF IT, THEN.
WE GOT TO FIND COVER 'NTIL DARK! THERE ARE BIG CAVES UP THERE... WE'LL TRY TO GET THIS CLUNKER UP INTO ONE OF THEM
HOW'S IT LOOK, SIR?
JUST RIGHT...IF IT'S ONLY LEVEL ENOUGH INSIDE FOR US TO DRIVE IN.
KLANK KLANK
IT'S A TIGHT FIT BUT...
THAT'S IT...LEFT A LITTLE...YOU GOT IT!
RRRRRR
GOOD THING I WORKED IN THE PARKIN' LOT BACK HOME.
THEY FIND A HOME...
I'M BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE WE MIGHT GET OUT OF THIS YET.
KEEP AN EYE DOWN THERE ON THAT ROAD, MURF. IF YOU SEE KRAUTS, KICK THA FIRE OUT.
WHADDYA SEE, MURF? KRAUT TANKS?
NAW, JUST A CAR.

'JUST A CAR' THE G.I. SAYS. ROMMEL HIMSELF IS RIDING IN IT...

VROOM!

THE FAMOUS DESERT FOX IS LEADING ONE OF HIS LIGHTNING-LIKE ARMORED ATTACKS...TO SURPRISE A BRITISH-AMERICAN COLUMN MOVING INTO THE AREA.

KLANK KLANK KLANK

THERE IS AN *AWFUL LOT* OF KRAUT AND AMERICAN TRANSMISSIONS TONIGHT. WONDER WHAT'S UP? CAN YOU DECIPHER ANY MESSAGES, SIR?

ONLY THAT AT LEAST HALF OF OUR DIVISION IS JUST NORTH OF US.

LIEUTENANT, AN AWFUL LOT OF TANKS ARE MASSIN' IN THE VALLEY OUT THERE. WE BETTER PULL FURTHER INTO THE [illegible]VE AND *PRAY!*

ROMMEL IS GOING TO SURPRISE *OUR GUYS* COME MORNING.

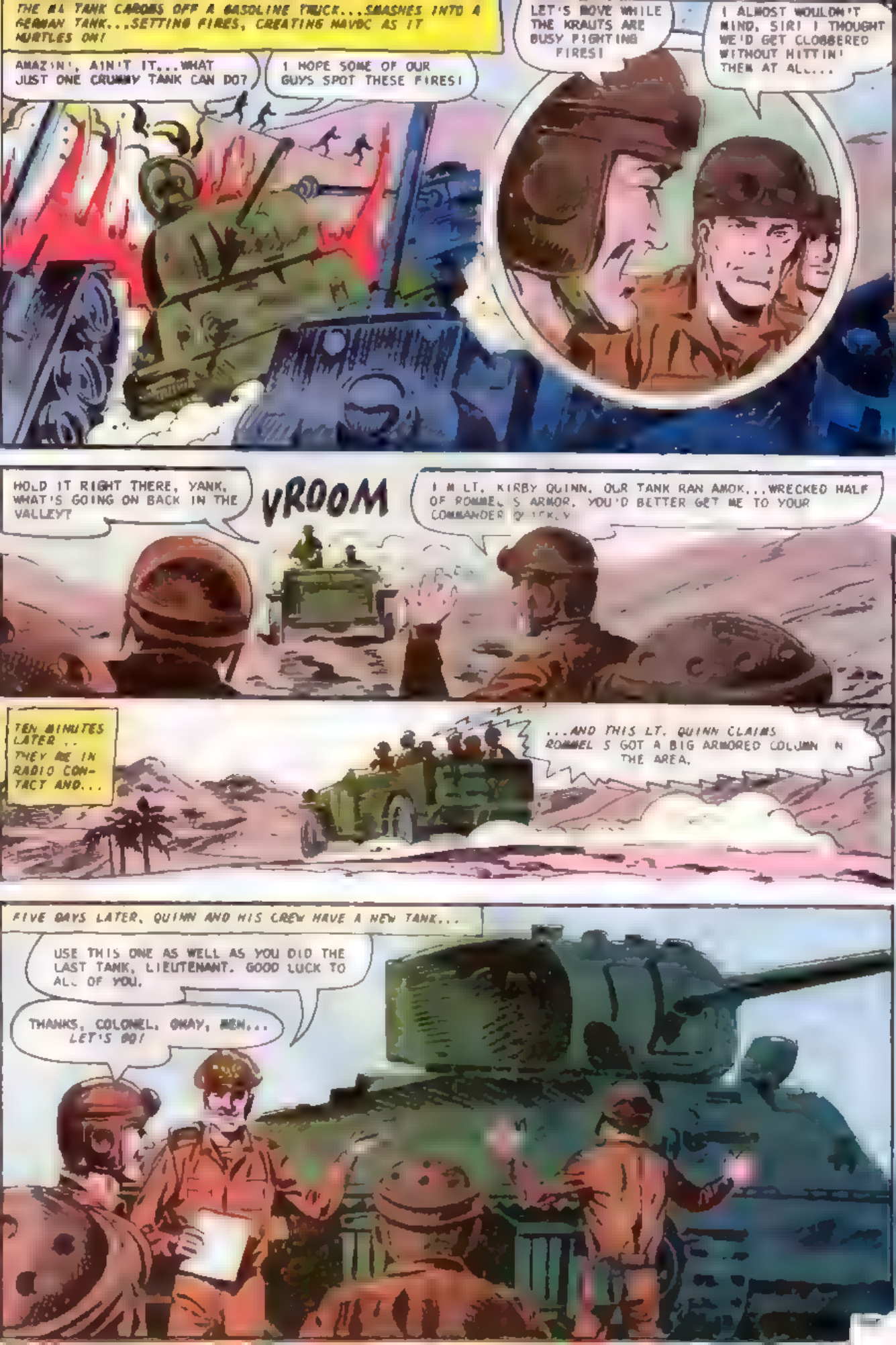
WE'RE GOING TO UPSET ROMMEL'S APPLECART. FIRST...WE'LL TRANSMIT A MESSAGE IN PLAIN LANGUAGE WARNING OUR TROOPS WHAT ROMMEL IS DOING.

YEAH, AND *SECOND?*

SECOND...WE'RE GOING TO START THIS TANK, GET IT GOING DOWN-SLOPE, PUMP A DOZEN ROUNDS AT THE KRAUTS...AND THEN HOPE FOR THE BEST.

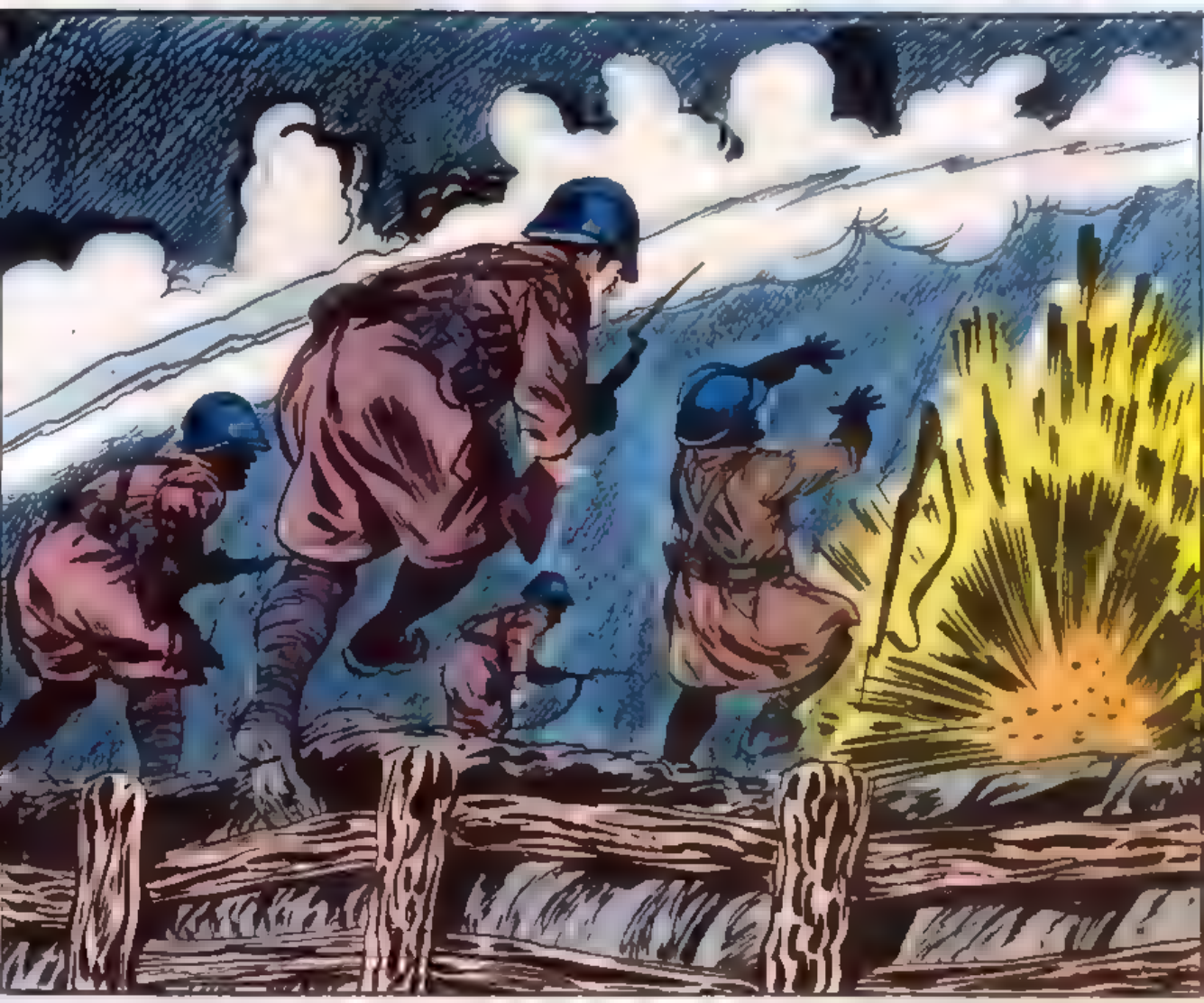
A HERO HE TURNS OUT YET.

WE WILL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OF COMPLETE SURPRISE! CUT THEM OFF FROM THEIR SUPPLIES ...DESTROY THEIR GASOLINE AND AMMUNITION AND THE BATTLE IS WON.
THE DESERT FOX ALWAYS SAYS... THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS THE SINGLE MOST DECISIVE FACTOR IN ANY BATTLE.
WE ARE UNDER ATTACK!
BY WHOM? FROM WHAT DIRECTION?
WHAM!
HERE WE GO... THEY'LL GET THE RANGE ANY MINUTE NOW!
KEEP PUMPING SHELLS AT THEM!
KLANK KLANK
BLAM!
SHOVE THE THROTTLES TO FULL AHEAD THEN CLIMB UP OUTA THERE!
ONE LAST [redacted] SHELL IS FIRED AND...
ALL RIGHT, MURF, TIME TO ABANDON SHIP! COME ON!!

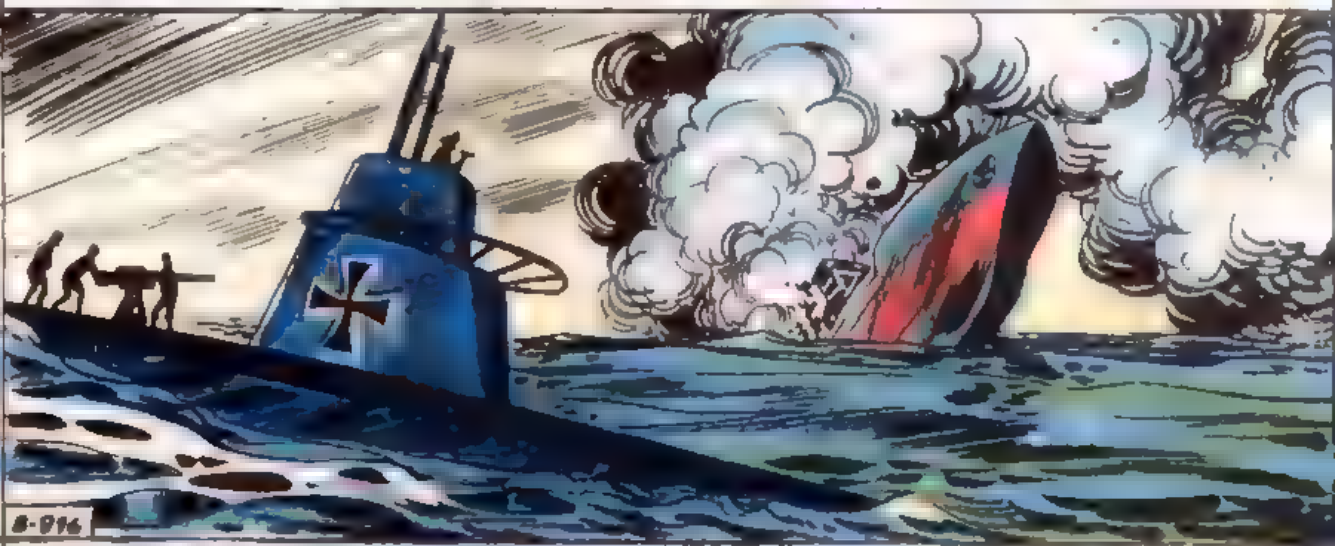

THE #4 TANK CAROMS OFF A GASOLINE TRUCK...SMASHES INTO A GERMAN TANK...SETTING FIRES, CREATING HAVOC AS IT HURTLES ON!
AMAZIN', AIN'T IT...WHAT JUST ONE CRUMMY TANK CAN DO?
I HOPE SOME OF OUR GUYS SPOT THESE FIRES!
LET'S MOVE WHILE THE KRAUTS ARE BUSY FIGHTING FIRES!
I ALMOST WOULDN'T MIND, SIR! I THOUGHT WE'D GET CLOBBERED WITHOUT HITTIN' THEM AT ALL...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, YANK. WHAT'S GOING ON BACK IN THE VALLEY?
VROOM
I M LT. KIRBY QUINN. OUR TANK RAN AMOK...WRECKED HALF OF ROMMEL S ARMOR. YOU'D BETTER GET ME TO YOUR COMMANDER QUICKLY
TEN MINUTES LATER.. THEY RE IN RADIO CONTACT AND...
...AND THIS LT. QUINN CLAIMS ROMMEL S GOT A BIG ARMORED COLUMN IN THE AREA.
FIVE DAYS LATER, QUINN AND HIS CREW HAVE A NEW TANK...
USE THIS ONE AS WELL AS YOU DID THE LAST TANK, LIEUTENANT. GOOD LUCK TO ALL OF YOU.
THANKS, COLONEL. OKAY, MEN... LET'S GO!

IN THE TRENCHES, 1917

WORLD WAR I INTRODUCED TRENCH WARFARE TO THE WORLD...KAISER WILHELM'S VETERAN DIVISIONS OPPOSED THE TIRED FRENCH AND BRITISH ARMIES AND IN 1917 IT SEEMED LIKE VICTORY FOR THE TEUTONIC WARLORD WAS INEVITABLE.



THEN, ON APRIL 8, 1917, CONGRESS DECLARED WAR AND THE PRESIDENT SIGNED THE WAR DECLARATION THE SAME DAY! TROOP TRANSPORTS SAILED IMMEDIATELY FOR FRANCE!



LURKING U-BOATS WAGED A MERCILESS WAR ON THE UNARMED SHIPS. THOUSANDS OF MEN DIED BEFORE THEY COULD FIRE A GUN!

EVERYTHING HAPPENED WITH BEWILDERING SPEED. THE TROOPS WERE INADEQUATELY TRAINED, HURRIEDLY EQUIPPED, BUT THEY WERE FULL OF FIGHT. THE SKEPTICAL ALLIES, BRITISH AND FRENCH VETERANS, WATCHED THEIR ARRIVAL, PREDICTING THEY'D WILT BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHT OF KAISER WILHELM'S CRACK TROOPS!

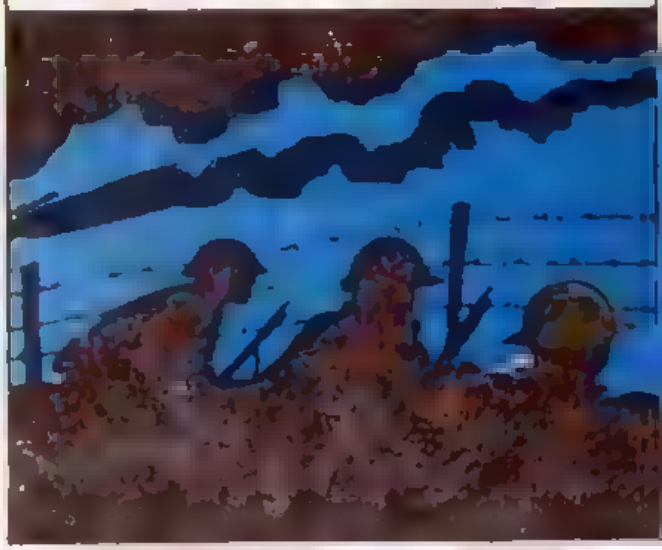
THEN, THE HORROR OF WARFARE IN THE TRENCHES ...

THIS WAS NO MAN'S LAND. . .THE NEAREST THING TO HELL ON EARTH IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND!

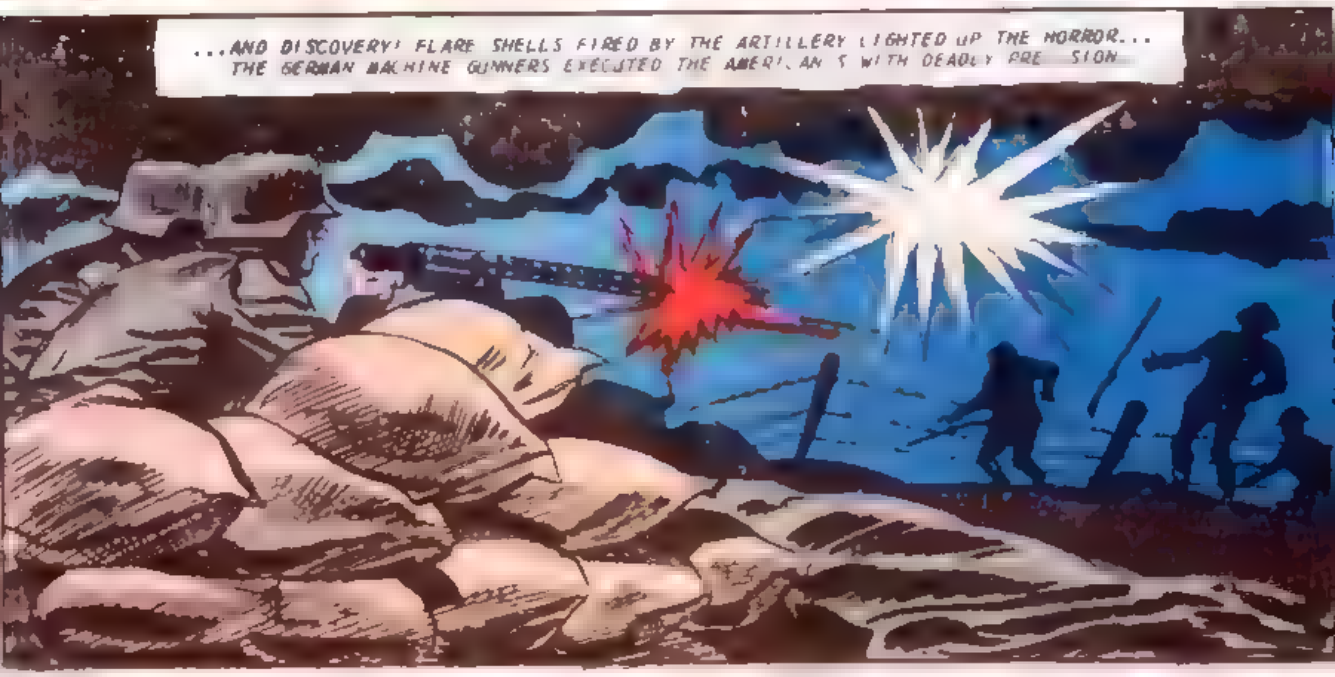
GAS WARFARE WAS FIRST USED IN THAT WAR

FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES WAS DEADLY AND DIRTY! MEN DIED, WET AND COLD, APPALLED BY THE HORRORS AROUND THEM.

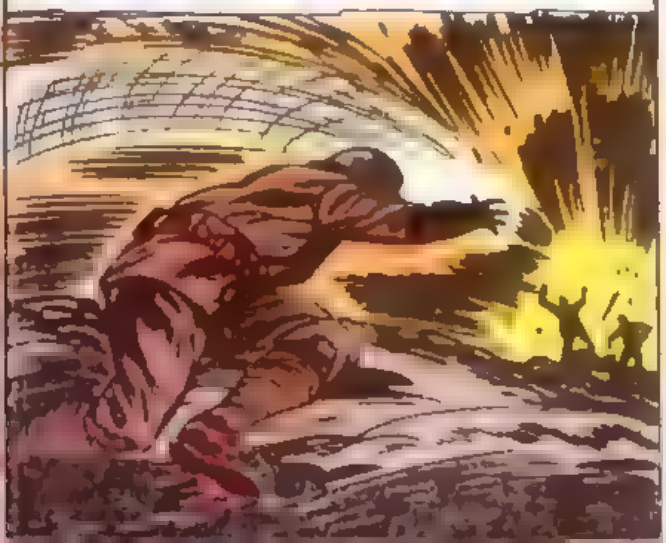
IT TOOK INCREDIBLE COURAGE TO 'GO OVER THE TOP', WHICH WAS WHAT THEY CALLED IT WHEN A GENERAL ATTACK WAS ORDERED. OUT THERE IN THE DARKNESS THERE WAS BARBED WIRE, MINES, MACHINE GUNNERS..



...AND DISCOVERY! FLARE SHELLS FIRED BY THE ARTILLERY LIGHTED UP THE HORROR... THE GERMAN MACHINE GUNNERS EXECUTED THE AMERICANS WITH DEADLY PRECISION



BUT ONE MAN, WOUNDED, DELIVERS THE HAND GRENADE THAT SAVED HIS COMRADES THERE WAS ALWAYS SUCH A MAN IN THE WARS WE FOUGHT . ONE BRAVE HEART TO TO SAVE HIS MATES

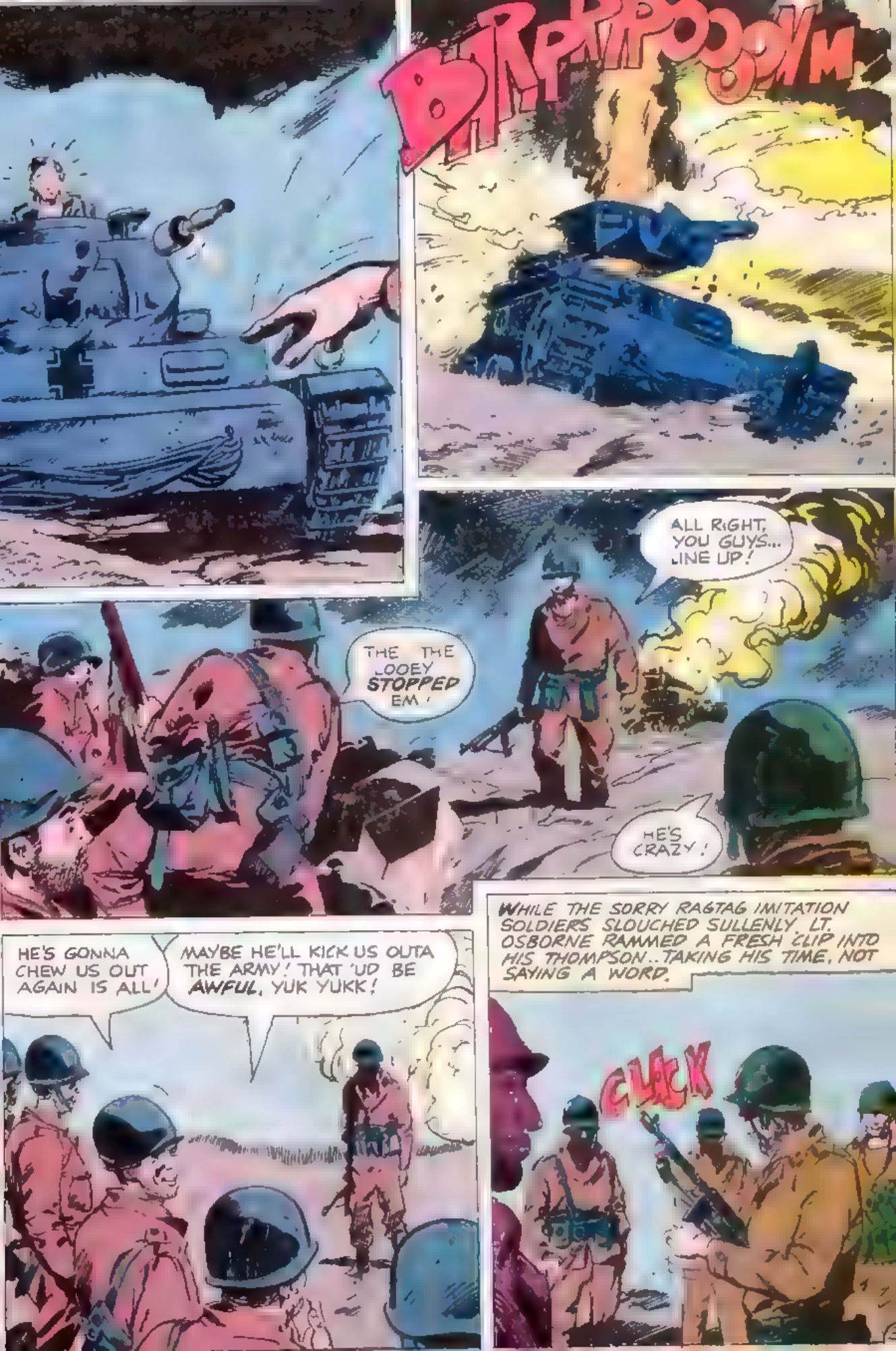


THE WAR IN THE TRENCHES WAS A DREADFUL LESSON TO ALL MANKIND, TEACHING US THE HORROR OF WAR! 21 YEARS LATER, WE WERE AT IT AGAIN...AND THEN KOREA, VIET NAM, ETC , ETC.

THE BUG-OUT PLATOON

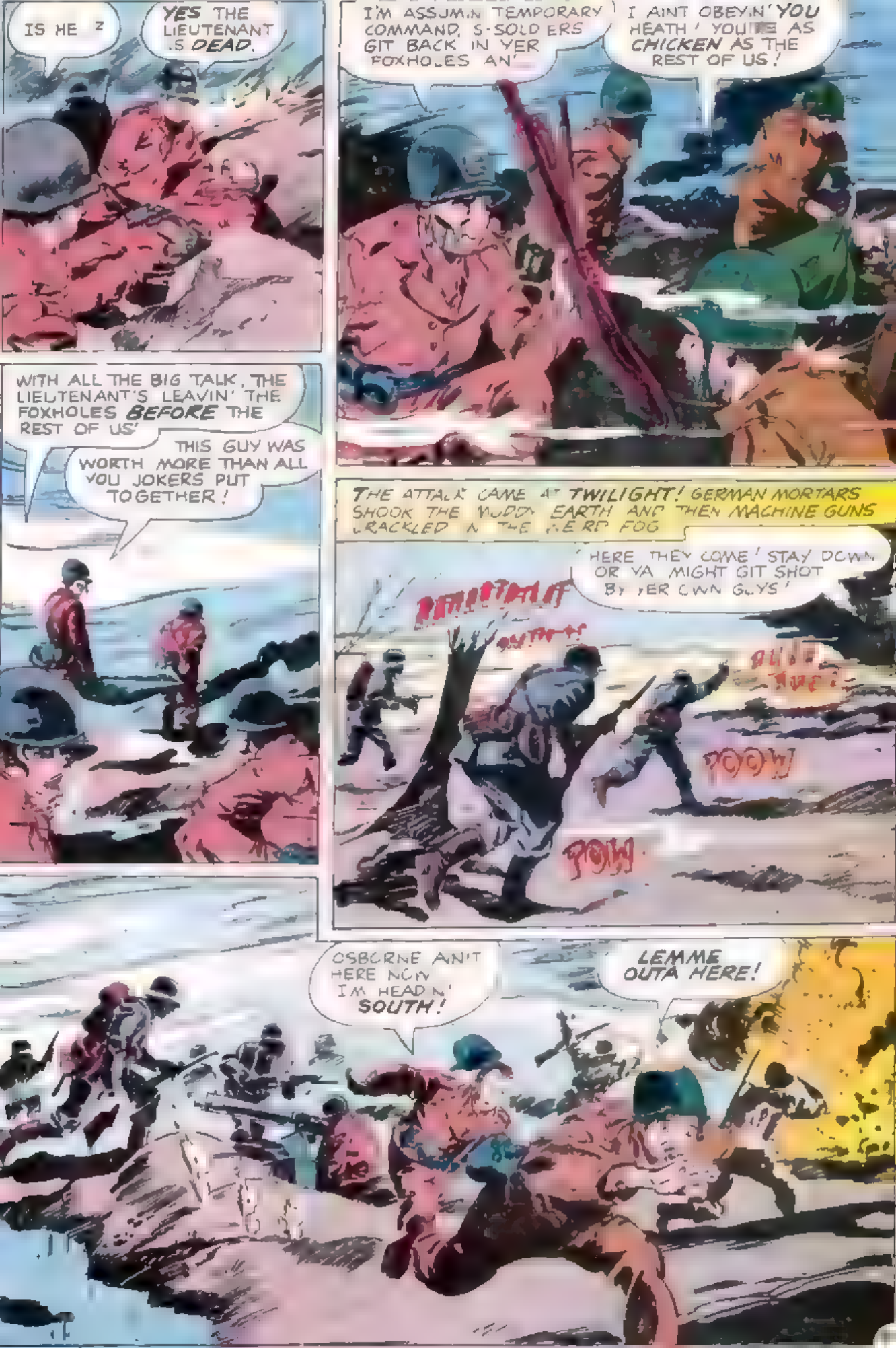
A BATTLEFIELD COMMISSION MADE TOM OSBORNE A SECOND LIEUTENANT. AND HIS FIRST COMMAND WAS A REPLACEMENT PLATOON MADE UP OF DRAFTEES, RELEASED PRISONERS FROM THE ARMY STOCKADE, AND A FEW CLERK-TYPISTS AND COMPANY COOKS! THEY'D CHICKENED OUT IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY BEFORE THIS WAS THEIR FIRST TIME IN COMBAT UNDER LT OSBORNE AND THEY WERE RUNNING AGAIN!

HIS PLATOON HAD THE JOB OF HOLDING THE LEFT FLANK NEAR A ROAD JUNCTION! IF THE GERMANS COULD SLASH THROUGH THE ENTIRE FRONT MIGHT BUCKLE!
DARN YOU ALL...I'LL DIE BEFORE I BACK UP A SINGLE STEP!
VORWART! ACHTUNG!!
DIE, AMERIKANER! I KILL!
I'D RATHER DIE HERE THAN LIVE WITH THOSE MONGRELS AROUND ME!
LOOK AT THAT MANIAC WHO'S HE TRYIN' TA IMPRESS? HE AIN'T GONNA STOP THE KRAUTS BY HISSELF!
I'VE GOT A CHANCE JUST ONE CHANCE!
LT OSBORNE KNEW HE WAS A DEAD MAN HE KEPT WAITING FOR THE BULLET OR THE STEEL SHELL THAT WOULD END HIS AGONY! BUT.., WHILE HE LIVED HE INTENDED TO FIGHT! NOW IT WAS A HUGE TANK AND THE ONLY WEAPON HE HAD WAS THE NAZI GRENADE HE HAD TAKEN OFF THE GERMAN G.I.!
VERDAMMT AMERIKANER!


BRRPPPOOOOMM
ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS... LINE UP!
THE THE LOOEY STOPPED EM!
HE'S CRAZY!
WHILE THE SORRY RAGTAG IMITATION SOLDIERS SLOUCHED SULLENLY, LT. OSBORNE RAMMED A FRESH CLIP INTO HIS THOMPSON..TAKING HIS TIME, NOT SAYING A WORD.
CLICK
HE'S GONNA CHEW US OUT AGAIN IS ALL!
MAYBE HE'LL KICK US OUTA THE ARMY! THAT 'UD BE AWFUL, YUK YUKK!

THIS WEAPON IS FULLY LOADED! I KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO WITH IT?
I SHOULD EMPTY IT INTO YOU CREEPS! SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE A PACK OF YELLA DAWGS!
YA RAN! YA LEFT ME ALONE! YA DIDN'T CARE IF I GOT KILLED! YA DIDN'T CARE ABOUT THE REST OF THE COMPANY THE WOUNDED LAYING BACK THERE, THE MEDICS, DOCS AND NURSES CARIN' FOR THEM! YOU MAKE ME WANT TO PUKE!
I'M GONNA CURE YOU OF BUGGIN' OUT! YOU'LL STAND AND FACE THE ENEMY. I'LL MAKE YOU FIGHT!
WANNA BET?
YOU'RE BIGNEY, AREN'T YOU? YES I WANT TO BET I CAN MAKE YOU FIGHT!
MAYBE YOU'LL FIGHT ME!
THAT'S A COURT MARTIAL OFFENSE, SIR. STRIKIN' A G.I I'M A WITNESS!

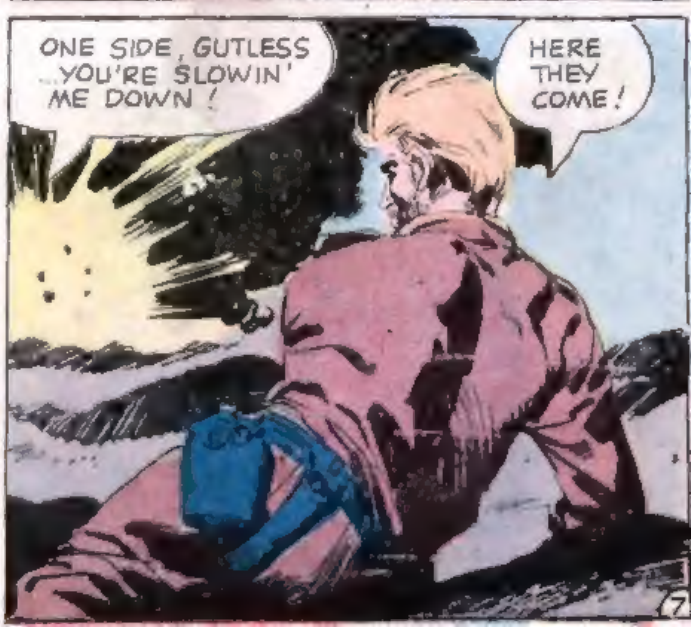
I WON'T BE ALIVE THAT LONG, CHICKEN! NOW, GET BACK TO YOUR FOXHOLES THE NAZIS WILL ATTACK AGAIN!
NO ATTACK CAME THE G.I.S WAITED NERVOUSLY LT. OSBORNE KNEW THEY'D PANIC THE FIRST TIME SOMEONE SAID "BOO" IN GERMAN!
THIRTY-FOUR MEN IN THIS PLATOON ALL WASTED IF I CAN'T MAKE 'EM FIGHT!
MEDIC! GOT A MINUTE?
YESSIR
AND SUDDENLY, THE BLINDLY FIRED BULLETS FOUND A TARGET! LT OSBORNE GRUNTED AND FELL!
THE LIEUTENANT IS HIT!
rat-tat-tat
THERE'S SPORADIC SMALL-ARMS FIRE AN M.G. CHATTERS OCCASIONALLY

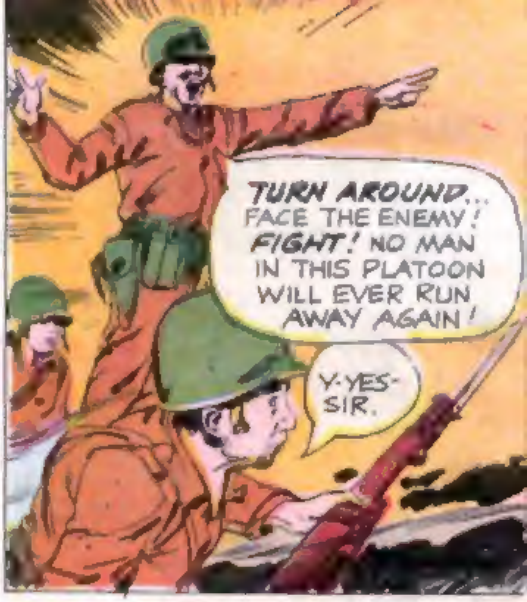

IS HE ?
YES THE LIEUTENANT IS DEAD.
I'M ASSUMIN TEMPORARY COMMAND, S-SOLDERS GIT BACK IN YER FOXHOLES AN'
I AINT OBEYIN' YOU HEATH ' YOU'RE AS CHICKEN AS THE REST OF US!
WITH ALL THE BIG TALK, THE LIEUTENANT'S LEAVIN' THE FOXHOLES BEFORE THE REST OF US'
THIS GUY WAS WORTH MORE THAN ALL YOU JOKERS PUT TOGETHER!
THE ATTACK CAME AT TWILIGHT! GERMAN MORTARS SHOOK THE MUDDY EARTH AND THEN MACHINE GUNS CRACKLED IN THE NERVE FOG
HERE THEY COME ' STAY DOWN OR YA MIGHT GIT SHOT BY YER OWN GUYS '
POW!
POW!
OSBORNE AN'T HERE NOW I'M HEADIN' SOUTH!
LEMME OUTA HERE!

THE PLATOON TOOK CASUALTIES, WITHOUT THE PROTECTION OF THEIR FOXHOLES, RUNNING SHAMELESSLY!

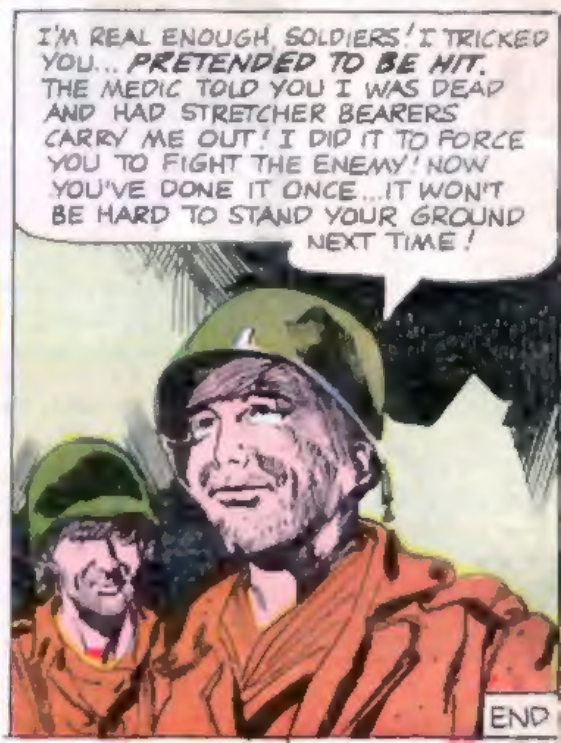
THE GERMANS WOULD BURST THROUGH HERE! A BATTLE MIGHT BE LOST... OR EVEN A WAR FOR THE FREEDOM OF MAN!

THESE, THE DEAD, HAD PAID THEIR SHARE IN THE WAR...THEY WOULD BE BETRAYED BY THE PERFIDY OF THE BUG-OUT PLATOON!


ONE SIDE, GUTLESS ...YOU'RE SLOWIN' ME DOWN!
HERE THEY COME!



FIGHTING WITH A FURY THEY HAD NEVER KNOWN BEFORE, THE BUG-OUTS SLASHED AND CLAWED THEIR WAY BACK! THE CRACK SS TROOPS RETREATED...THOSE WHO WERE LEFT ALIVE!


I'M REAL ENOUGH, SOLDIERS! I TRICKED YOU... PRETENDED TO BE HIT. THE MEDIC TOLD YOU I WAS DEAD AND HAD STRETCHER BEARERS CARRY ME OUT! I DID IT TO FORCE YOU TO FIGHT THE ENEMY! NOW YOU'VE DONE IT ONCE...IT WON'T BE HARD TO STAND YOUR GROUND NEXT TIME!
END

RED FOX
SCANS

REDFOX

REDFOX SCANS